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(MORNING, EVENING AND SUNDAY)

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WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 23, 1897.

GOOD AFTERNOON!

The day and outcoming of the New York Sun is looking up fine.

In addition to all his other troubles Mr. Bill is rapidly becoming bald.

Let me be Senator from Illinois and I care not who writes the songs of this nation.—W. E. Massey.

Bill Mason's middle name is Ernest, but it is not known that he was ever called Erny in his youth.

The town of Haverhill, Mass., manufactured fifteen million pairs of shoes last year, all of which were all too small.

Mr. Teller was a little too frank in discussing Senator Sherman's unsuitableness for the Secretaryship of State; that is all.

When Bob Ingersoll was a boy his mother compelled him to eat Graham bread every day; but even this doesn't account for it.

When the term of mayor of New York is four years instead of two he will be able to drink more tea and chew more tobacco.

It is thought that Hon. Robert C. Bitt as well as Under Joe Cannon has also given up the idea of being Senator from Illinois at this time.

"It transpires" that John I. Sullivan has merely been bluffing about his sore throat. He wanted to make himself out a new puglist.

It would seem from the fact that he has rented the Barber mansion that Vice President Hobart really intends to come here to live for awhile.

It is about time for Richard Harding Davis (who, when last heard from, was on his way to Cuba) to jump overboard in mid-ocean and swim ashore.

We do not want to lose Walter B. Stevens from this town, but here's hoping that he may be editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, if he cares for it.

The Garden of Eden was too ancient a locality for Little Egypt's decade, and there was nothing for her to do but give the performance in New York some where.

It would be a good idea for Mr. McKinley to make Senator Wolcott Secretary of the Treasury, in order to reciprocate directly for that little Rothschild dinner.

It is hoped that when Senator Peffer returns to the editorial sanctum he will not fall into the error of supposing that he has a Congressional Record to fill as usual.

It is Richard Croker's present belief that politics is business; but wait till he is as old as M. S. Quay. Then he will put his blouse on and get into the trenches with the boys.

Gov. Adams, of Colorado, was so much pleased with his \$3.50 inauguration that he is understood to be perfectly willing to try it over again some time at the same figure.

It is understood that President Cleveland will go into retirement two million dollars to the good; but what is the use of it all when there is no way to fish except through the law?

TO CURE WIFE BEATING.
 A most atrocious case of wife beating in the District of Columbia, more than horrible in view of the allegation that the victim is mentally deficient, and was known to be so by the man when he married her, is calculated again to raise the question of the proper means to be used to protect women against this outrage, and to punish the perpetrators. This latest case becomes public immediately after the announcement of another and very pathetic one, wherein a poor abused and beaten woman begged for her husband's release, after arrest for his brutality, and deposited collateral to take him out of custody.

If these things go on we shall have to face a mistake, but strong popular sentiment in favor of the whipping post, which The Times always has insisted would be a return to penal barbarism and not to be thought of for a moment. Perhaps a way might be found to diminish considerably the frequency of such occurrences, in the

organization of a general social sentiment among the people, which should cause all of a man's associates and acquaintances to treat him with active scorn and contempt, whenever it is his treatment of his dependent woman. The public opinion of his class, circle or small fellowship, is the most powerful influence extant with nearly every man, and, if that opinion were certain to operate to make his social life isolated and miserable, the meanest creature in the community would be greatly deterred from that description of infamy, even in his cups.

It is true that this drastic treatment might be insufficient in some cases, and from them there might arise a necessity for organizing something like a woman's protective league. A society of that kind, in which all many men in the community might join, perhaps would find it necessary to adopt extreme measures of moral suasion, possibly even extra legal ones. In the last resort of outraged society, there is a unique and effective way to moralize brutes, which, however, is obnoxious to the views of people opposed to vivisection.

HANNA'S BRASS BAND.

It is well known that Mr. Hanna, the Republican national chairman, has been able by means of his winning manners to induce Gov. Bushnell, representing Senator Foraker, or Gov. Bushnell and Senator Foraker together, to appoint the Cleveland ironmaster to Senator Sherman's place in the United States Senate. It is also related, with every show of authority, that Mr. Hanna declared to Mr. Foraker's face once upon a time that he, Hanna, had beaten him, Foraker, for the governorship of Ohio, and he didn't care who knew it.

Mr. Foraker may be a forgiving person, or he may deem it wise as a piece of present day politics to make known wishes conform to those of Mr. Hanna and of the President-elect, for the wishes of these two are evidently and of necessity the same. It will hardly be like Mr. Foraker, however, and until we know whether it is the lady or the tiger, it would seem wise to suspend judgment.

Democrats hope that the Ohio Republicans will obey their immediate and imminent impulses, and get into a scrimmage beside him an encounter of the rash lines of the eleven of Georgetown College and the Carlisle Indians would fade into the dimmest insignificance.

TOMORROW'S TIMES.

The Sunday Times tomorrow may not be worth having, but we think it will be. It may not be the largest newspaper published in this country, nor indeed in the world, but every time it will be readable. It will be beautifully illustrated, not filled with the frock poster work of many journals, but done truthfully and prettily.

There will be special features of interest, articles to excite the curiosity of women (less than men), and articles, too, which the ladies cannot be expected to read, but which the men cannot do without. If you take the Sunday Times, along with the morning and evening editions of The Times, you will know what a variety of the thoughtful and the gay they comprise in every issue.

If you have not read the Sunday Times, try it tomorrow. It costs three cents, and it is worth thirty cents. And Monday morning try the Morning Times for a cent, and see how individual and yet how like it is. And Monday evening try the Evening Times. That is a cent, also, but it is worth it five times over.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

It would be a great consolation to most young brides if Bridget would only break a few dozen of the after-dinner coffee cups instead of the meat platter.

Bogan's Alley: "Pshaw, fellows; it ain't the minstreis, after all; only the Salvation Army."

"Much this young snip Crane knows about the war," said the old G. A. R. man between the puffs of his pipe. "We never were nothing like a red badge of courage. We took care straight."

"What is this prisoner charged with, officer?"
 "Well, the saloon-keeper said before he stopped drinking he was charged with about everything in sight."

He was keeping her in the dark.
 This was because there were too many people in the parlour. It was more private in the hall.

But she seemed to like it.
 It was one of those cases where the negative refused to be developed.

"They tell me you have an account running at the tailor's, Egbert?"
 "Yes, mother. That account has been running long enough to get to Congress."

Let those who will monopolize
 And deal in stock and share,
 I own but one monopoly—
 My Castle in the Air.

No taxes pay I on this ground—
 No syndicate is there;
 No fire insurance agent haunts
 My Castle in the Air.

But when the bills come in apace,
 And when my coat's threadbare,
 I'd like to just hypocritize
 That Castle in the Air.

This Is Work That Tells.
 The Salvation Army, says a New York correspondent, is making another hit here in the hotel for workingmen. The latest has been located at No. 21 Bowers, and makes the seventy-eighth of its kind in the country, all run by Salvationists. These societies approach very closely the temperance houses of the old world, except that they are far cheaper. No intoxicants whatever are permitted, and the prices range from 15 cents per night for a room to 10 cents for a bunk. The place at 21 Bowers accommodates 140 persons, and is already filling up every night. Meals are generous in quantity, but because of the low margin of profit seem as to variety.

We Need Domestic Women.
 A gifted clergyman of New York, for instance, in a sermon on "Young Men and Marriage," not only stated, expressed these sentiments which might well be accepted by every young woman contemplating entrance upon the marriage relation. Said the reverend doctor: "Good housekeeping has far more to do with domestic happiness than

young lovers dream of. I believe that these times need women whose most beautiful work will be done inside their own doors. Without good housekeeping the romance will soon go out of marriage. Of course, the man who prizes woman chiefly because she "looks well to the ways of her household" does not deserve to have a good wife. He should merely employ a housekeeper and pay her good wages. But there are social, moral and spiritual uses, proceeding from the wise regulation of the household, which bestow a dignity on what would otherwise be trifling. No matter what a girl's accomplishments may be, her education is incomplete if she has not some knowledge of bake-ology, boil-ology, roast-ology, stitch-ology and mend-ology. Even if she should never be required to do the work herself, she ought to know whether it is done in a proper manner."

COULDN'T CATCH CHANDLER.

A Senator Who Recognized the Significance of Pot Hooks.

The election of "Bully" Mason, says the Chicago Record, will add another competent shorthand reporter to the membership of the United States Senate. Several years ago he was considered one of the best in the country. Judge Whitcomb, of the Rock Island Railroad, used to say that a first-class stenographer was spoiled when Mason went into politics.

It is not generally known that Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is also a proficient stenographer, like Representative Linn, of Illinois. Both of them have been professionals, and both still use the shorthand system in making notes during debates, committee meetings, etc. Although he has not had active practice for twenty-five or thirty years, Mr. Chandler is able to make and transcribe his notes as rapidly as when he was a young man in daily practice as a reporter for the supreme court of New Hampshire.

One day in a committee meeting of Senators there was a lively dispute between Mr. Chandler and a Democratic colleague. As it grew heated, Mr. Chandler, who is always an exasperating antagonist in a controversy, accused his opponent of contradicting himself, which the latter stoutly denied.

"I will tell you exactly what you said," retorted Mr. Chandler. "I thought you were speaking of contradicting me, but now I see you are contradicting yourself." "I told you that I was contradicting myself," said Mr. Chandler, "but now I see you are contradicting yourself." "I told you that I was contradicting myself," said Mr. Chandler, "but now I see you are contradicting yourself."

Then he began to read from a page covered with pot-hooks, and the other members testified to the accuracy of his report.

Several years ago in New Hampshire an important legal case arose, which rested upon the accuracy of the translation of the notes of the shorthand reporter, who had been employed by an attorney in the case, and Senator Chandler was called upon as an expert. A great deal depended upon whether a certain sentence should be translated "at" or "of." Mr. Chandler took an envelope out of his pocket and on the back of it made two marks with a lead pencil.

"Now," he said to the attorney, "if you can tell me which of those characters was used in the copy, I will tell you without looking at it which word was intended for the characters used for 'at' and 'of' are generally similar, but any stenographer can distinguish them at a glance."

Just What Scruppie Is.

Scruppie, says the Philadelphia Record, as a species of vial peculiar to Philadelphia has long been a subject of ridicule upon the Quaker City, and has caused the shafts of wit to fly from many a professional humorist's pen. The development of recent facts, however, would tend to the belief that those who have scoffed loudest are the ones who were most ignorant. Quite a number of the most fashionable cafes and restaurants of New York now run a feature on the menu cards of "Philadelphia Scruppie." Now comes the conversion of ex-Pastmaster General Bissell, who during his visit to Philadelphia acquired a great appetite for the mysterious morceau. He has ordered a local dealer to ship a pan of scruppie every week to his home in Buffalo.

Boxes for Theater Hats.

Here's a theatrical manager who has discovered the problem of disposing of the big hat. Mr. Humenual, of the Harlem Opera House, is having built in the lobby of his theater a cloak room furnished with fifty plush-lined boxes that will accommodate the most audacious millinery monstrosity without so much as ruffling the tip of its topmost feather. A woman who insists on wearing one of these veritable flower gardens and other obstructions, much to the discomfort of those seated behind her, will be cordially requested to go to the lobby. There a maid will remove her hat, fix her hair, talk about the play or the weather, and at the same time give the owner of the high hat the key to the hat box.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

The most fatal kind of heart failure is the kind people don't die of.

Women have such queer ideas about literature because they think in it.

Love is like absinthe; it's nice to sip, but if you drink too much of it, it makes you sick.

Kissing girls under the mistletoe isn't out of date unless there are other people around.

Most men turn over a new leaf as though they expected to find a green caterpillar on the under side.

No man who likes to listen to his little child when she says her prayers, can be wholly irreligious.—New York Press.

By the Adams Freyman.

It is noticed that in sitting on a tack a man will swear off.

The punishment fits the crime when a man has nightmare in church.

A man may serve two masters, providing it be a ship of that rigging.

Man notices this in the real world as the taps of his shoes wear thin.

The marriageable young woman and the thug are striving to do the best they can.

The man is to be pitied who doesn't know music enough to sing in self-defense.

Odd Items From Everywhere.

There is no cure for color-blindness. Icebergs sometimes last for 200 years. It is so easy to become a social cheat.

Women of every rank go bareheaded in Mexico. Corned miners believe that it is unlucky to whistle under a bridge.

The British mint coin twenty-five tons of pennies every year. Kangaroo farming is to be an established institution in Australia.

There are said to be 100,000 lilies in full bloom in a field in Bermuda. About 1,000 fishing boats engaged around the British coast are named Mary.

IMPROVE THE HEARING OF CHILDHOOD AND AGE

The Stories of Two School Children, Alice Lyles and Caryl Odell—The Verity of Doctor McCoy's Triumph Over Deafness Illustrated Again and Again in Homes of Washington.

HOW HER TEACHER HELPED ALICE LYLES TO A CURE OF DEAFNESS

Miss Alice Lyles, 215 South Alfred street, Alexandria, Va., fourteen years old, has the following story in her own words: "I can remember when I was not deaf. My father thought I was a good girl and I often got scolded when I could not help things. I went to school over once with the little ears for I could not hear the teacher what they were saying, but I could not hear a word."

"At Sunday school I went to the Southern M. E. Church. I could not hear anything except what my sister told me. The girls used to tease me sometimes because I could not hear a word."

"At the day school my sister had to sit right close to me and write or repeat what the teacher said."

I Could See Her Lips Move and understand her better than any one else. My sister read Doctor McCoy's book, but I was afraid to go to him for fear he would hurt me. I thought, 'Don't you think I am glad I went to him.' All the time I heard what the doctor said, saying at home. I was frightened for fear it would not last, but it lasted, and I can hear all right now. All school."

I Can Hear Every Word the teacher says. My teacher, Miss Davis of the Peabody School, she lets me out of school to take the treatment and go home. I can hear her every word. My sister has made me hear like other folks."

Mrs. Strahl Lyles, her mother, says: "My daughter had been deaf since she was five years old. She could not hear any ordinary conversation. Unless her attention was called by her mother, she would not know who was speaking to her. She was very happy over her cure by Doctor McCoy. She said: 'I can hear every word and everything is so plain. We have had other doctors, but they did not help me, but not one of them helped her.'"

Alice Lyles, 215 South Alfred St., Alexandria. Cured of Deafness.

HAD TO LEAVE SCHOOL BECAUSE OF DEAFNESS. HEARS AGAIN PERFECTLY.

Master Caryl H. Odell, seven years old, 215 9th st., N. W., says: "I was born deaf. My father said I was almost totally deaf, the result of an attack of Malaria fever. He could not hear me, and I could not hear him. He had a doctor, but he did not help me. I was very sad, but I was not alone. I had a friend, and he helped me. I was very happy over my cure by Doctor McCoy. I said: 'I can hear every word and everything is so plain. We have had other doctors, but they did not help me, but not one of them helped her.'"

After he recovered from the fever he became permanently deaf. Nothing we or our physician did for him helped him in the least, so we decided to employ a specialist, and having

heard the praises of Doctor McCoy sounded on all sides by people whom they had believed and cured we decided to take Caryl to him.

"We had been obliged to take him from school because he could not hear the teacher when she spoke to the other scholars reciting their lessons. He couldn't hear the teacher, and he couldn't hear the side of a street piano and even then he could not hear the music. The ticking of a watch he could hear, but the clock when standing very near it."

"This little story which play would get close to his ear and call fight into it to make him understand."

He answered readily when spoken to in an ordinary voice. Now he hears everything perfectly. We do not have to raise our voices. He hears a watch tick. He goes to school again and hears as well as he ever could."

"Another thing I notice, is that whereas we were formerly subject to colds and the slightest one would throw him into a fever and even into a convulsion, he never had one since he took the McCoy treatment. We are extremely grateful for what the doctor has done for our child, and we are willing to testify to the great good that has come to him."

ENTIRELY CURED OF A TERRIBLE SKIN DISEASE.

Geo. H. Cannon, 119 2d st., N. W., says: "About five years ago I first discovered on my hands water pimples about the size of a pin's head. They came out one at a time first and then they would spread and cover my whole hand. They would swell up and burst, and my hands would become a mass of sores. I lost two of my nails from the disease. During winter weather my hands were very sore. Last winter I lost seven weeks' work because of the sores on my hands."

"I had been treated by many doctors, but they could not cure me. I read in the paper of the cure of John B. Barker, 12th st., N. W., of Eczema by Doctor McCoy, and placed myself under his treatment. I have been cured, and my hands are now as soft and clean as those of a young child. I recommend anyone suffering from any skin disease to go to him."

The case which Mr. Cannon alludes to is told in the words of the patient himself in the words of THE CASE OF J. B. BARKER.

J. B. Barker, 1310 12th st., N. W., says: "My experience with the skin disease that doctors call Eczema was something terrible. It seemed to be the result of a severe attack of grippe, for soon after I recovered from that disease my hands became a mass of sores. I lost two of my nails from the disease. During winter weather my hands were very sore. Last winter I lost seven weeks' work because of the sores on my hands."

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My Left Ear, Which Was Stopped, Is Perfectly Restored and responds to all sounds as well as my right, which was partially deaf."

Mr. Bailey's Sister Says: "Brother couldn't hear unless you stood close and talked into his right ear. He could hear nothing whatever if his left side were turned toward you. Sometimes we would have to repeat a remark four or five times. This morning I was in one room and he in another and I noticed with what ease he heard without raising my voice."

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NATIONAL PRACTICE,

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DR. J. M. COWDEN,

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715 13th Street Northwest.

Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m., daily; Sunday, 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

GAVE UP CHURCH AND BUSINESS BECAUSE OF HIS DEAFNESS.

M. A. Eldridge, 1227 13th st., N. W.: "I had been called a little hard of hearing for several years, but for five years past I had been very deaf. When I began treatment with Dr. McCoy I could not hear people talking in the same room, couldn't hear the church bells or ordinary street traffic, and couldn't hear anything at places of amusement. I gave up going to church three years ago because it was utterly impossible for me to follow the sermon. I could not hear the words of the hymn. The sound of the door bell or the tick of the clock never reached my ear."

"I had a continual ringing and thumping in my ears that was very disagreeable. I had dizzy spells, so that I was compelled to lie in bed days at a time. Everything seemed to whirl around, and I would feel as though I was going to faint. I was utterly unable to do any work. I was very sad, but I was not alone. I had a friend, and he helped me. I was very happy over my cure by Doctor McCoy. I said: 'I can hear every word and everything is so plain. We have had other doctors, but they did not help me, but not one of them helped her.'"

"I was compelled to resign my work in the department for I was utterly unfit for business."

"Now I am entirely recovered. I hear the church bells and can carry on conversation with persons in any part of the room."

"Last Sunday I attended the Garfield Memorial Church and I had no difficulty whatever in hearing Dr. Power's sermon. In every way I have had opportunity to test my hearing. I find that my ears respond readily to all sounds."

I am able to return to business and am glad to go to church and hear the sermon, and that is to the treatment of Doctors McCoy and Cowden."

SERIOUS STOMACH TROUBLE CURED.

A. L. Hixson, 164 Superior st., N. W.: "Two years ago I caught a severe cold, which settled in my stomach and bowels. I was a constant sufferer from stomach trouble, and I was very sad, but I was not alone. I had a friend, and he helped me. I was very happy over my cure by Doctor McCoy. I said: 'I can hear every word and everything is so plain. We have had other doctors, but they did not help me, but not one of them helped her.'"

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